

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The Luck that Calamity Brought.

BY ESTHER ELLIS REEKS.

FRED and Marion walked with their father as far as the turn in the path, then sauntered back to the cabin and sat down on the steps. This was to be their first night alone in the house since their mother's death three weeks before, for their father's turn had come to work night-shift at the mine.

"I wish I could find something to do to earn money," confided Fred to his sister.

"I wish I could, too," was her reply.

"Do you know what I'd do with money if I had it? I'd buy father a good watch for his birthday. He needs it so badly, and he'll never get one for himself till all the bills are paid, and that will be a long time, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I wish we could get him one!" exclaimed Marion. "He does need it badly; and then we could have his old Ingersoll here, and it would be company for us while he is gone, even if it doesn't keep real good time. I have that five dollars that Aunt Emma sent us, do you suppose that would buy him one?"

"No, I don't think it would; but I know where I could get a good one for fifteen, if we only had the other ten. But I don't see how to get that. There doesn't seem to be any way to earn money out here that I can find," lamented Fred.

"I've been thinking of a way to earn some at Christmas time," returned Marion. "We can gather evergreens and make wreaths and send them to the city for Mrs. Dillen to sell for us at her exchange. The people there would buy them and pay a good price for them, I'm sure, and I believe we could make quite a lot that way."

"Maybe we could. I hadn't thought of that. But Christmas is a long way off, so that wouldn't help any about getting the watch for father's birthday. I want to do something to help cheer him up and show him how much we think of him now," objected Fred.

"Well," replied his sister, if we can't do it in the way we want to, we'll have to do it the best way we can. We'll just have to be as loving and thoughtful as we know how; and maybe some good luck will come our way before we expect it. Anyway, I can bake a big cake for his birthday, and perhaps we can get candles for it, and that will show him we haven't forgotten the day, at least. It's getting awfully dark. Don't you think we better go inside?"

"I guess so," returned Fred, reluctantly.

Less than a year before, the family had come to the mountains in search of health for the mother. But it had not been a year of prosperity, and before its close the loved one had been taken from them. Now it seemed best for the three that were left to stay on where they were, for the present, at least, though it seemed very

desolate in the little cabin, with the nearest neighbor a half-mile away.

Fred lighted the lamp and locked the door. Then the two got out their books and tried to read, but somehow it was hard to get interested in anything. After a time, they went to bed, one on each side of the big curtain that divided the room into two apartments.

Marion did not know how long she had slept, but all at once she woke with a start. She had heard some one outside, she thought; or perhaps she had only

imagined so. She propped herself up on her elbow and listened. For a time all was silent. Only a big owl in the distance uttered a doleful "Who? Who?" to which there was no answer. Then she heard again the noise outside. She was sure of it this time. Some one was prowling about the cabin! Who could it be? She knew it was not time for her father to return, for she could see from where she lay that the moon had just risen. Cold chills began to creep up her spine. She wondered if Fred had heard, and pulled the curtain aside cautiously to see if he were awake. He, too, was sitting up in bed, listening!

"Who is it?" whispered Marion.

"Sh-s-s-s," warned her brother, with a shake of his head.

For some time they waited breathlessly, expecting every moment to hear the intruder try the door or demand admittance. But nothing of the kind happened, though at intervals the muffled footsteps could be heard on the grass close by.

"I'm going to get up and see who it is," whispered Fred, at last, suiting the action to the word.

Marion wrapped a quilt about her and followed him cautiously to the window. Peeking out, they saw in the shadow, dimly outlined against the dark background of evergreens, a shapeless white form that looked very like a ghost. Neither of them believed in ghosts; but the sight of such an object in the middle of the night, while they were all alone so far away from others, gave them both a creepy feeling. Then the form moved, and a head was raised, surmounted by a pair of long ears.

"Oh," exclaimed Fred, in a half-disgusted, half-amused tone, "it's only an old white mule!"

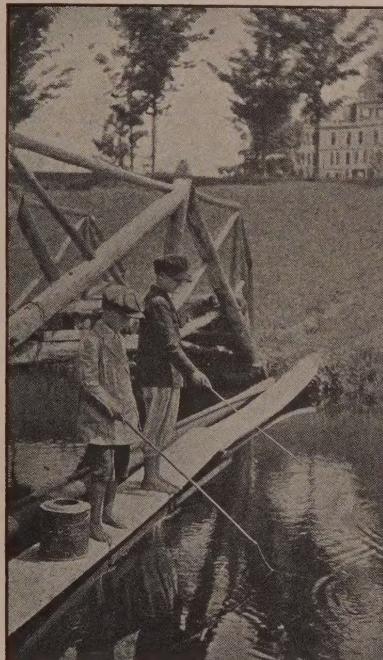
They laughed together over their scare, and then went back to bed to sleep until morning.

The next day, Mrs Murphy, their nearest neighbor, called to see how they were, and was told of their experience.

"I do be thinkin' it was a ghost after all," she remarked sagely, with a shake of her head. "It was the ghost of Calamity, come back on the anniversary night o' his death. But he'll no be hurting yez," she added reassuringly.

"Calamity? Who was Calamity?" asked both the children at once.

"He did be the old white mule that they used on the whim at the mine before they put on the machinery. They called him 'Calamity' because there was always trouble about wherever he was before they brought him here. But they said he was a mascot to the Lucky Three, for they struck it rich just after they got him. So when they didn't need him any more they turned him out to grass and kept him just for good luck. But one night—just a year ago, it was—he fell down the old shaft on the hill beyant, and when they found him, his neck was broke and



What the Bullfrogs Say.

BY GEORGE W. TUTTLE.

WHEN the bullfrogs see him go
Like an arrow from a bow
(Johnnie never travels slow!),
Then they wink and nudge each other;
"He's coming!" croak to bullfrog brother.

How they watch him as he baits,
Where the hungry fish awaits;
Worm rebels against his fate!
Bullfrogs wink and nudge each other;
"He's fishing!" croaks the one to other.

Breath they hold at Johnnie's cry
As a fine perch dangles high,
Etched against the summer sky!
How they wink and nudge each other;
"He's caught one!" they croak to brother.

See them, as the sun drops low,
Ev'ry frog stands on tiptoe;
String o' fish is growing so!
Hear them croak, in hoarse chorus-joy,
"Come again!" to our fishing-boy.

he was dead entirely. But he'll no be hurtin' yez, if he does come back."

"But how could he come back if he's dead?" questioned Marion. To which the old Irish woman only shook her head knowingly in answer.

"Well, if the thing ever comes around again, I'll find out whether it's a mule or a ghost," asserted Fred.

"How'll you do it?" questioned his sister.

"Just you wait and see," was all the answer the boy would give.

Marion did not have long to wait, for that very night they were again awakened by the same sounds that had so frightened them but twenty-four hours before.

"Where's that clothes-line?" asked Fred, getting out of bed and slipping on his trousers.

"O Fred, do be careful," cautioned his sister. "If it's a mule he might kick you."

"I'll be careful, all right. But where's that clothes-line, I say?" persisted the boy.

"I'll get it for you," answered Marion, getting into her dress a little tremblingly.

She got the line for him and followed him to the door, where she stationed herself to watch. He slipped out quietly and tied one end of the rope to a tree that stood near by. Then he cautiously advanced toward the white object. The animal looked up from its grazing, but showed no desire to run from him, and in a few moments the boy had the other end of the rope fast about its neck.

"Now we'll show Mrs. Murphy a thing or two about ghosts," he chuckled as he went back to bed.

But when the woman saw him she still insisted that it was Calamity come back to life, and younger for his long sleep. "A fine beast he is. And what do you propose to do with him now?" she asked.

"Untie him and let him go," answered Fred. "If he don't go home pretty soon some one will be here looking for him, I'm thinking."

"There'll be no one looking for him, and he's no home 'but this,'" and Mrs. Murphy shook her head wisely.

It seemed almost as if she knew what she was talking about, for the days passed, and even ran into weeks, and Calamity, as every one called him, still stayed about and no one came to look for him. And all the while the father's birthday was drawing nearer, and the children had found no way to earn the money to buy the coveted present. Then one day, one of the miners stopped at the cabin to see Fred.

"Where's Calamity? Have you got him yet?" he asked.

"Sure, you couldn't drive him away with a club," answered the boy.

"Then you might be interested in this," returned the man, drawing a paper from his pocket, and pointing to an advertisement.

Fred took the paper and read: "Lost strayed or stolen, a valuable mule." An exact description of Calamity followed, with the offer of a liberal reward for information leading to his return.

The next mail carried a letter to the address given; and a few days later a man came to claim his property. When he left, he slipped something into Fred's hand.

"Just look here and see the luck that Calamity brought," he demanded, proudly

showing a bill to his sister. "Now we'll have that watch for father's birthday, all right. There'll be just time to get it for him."

Lovely Neighbor Oriole.

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

LOVELY Neighbor Oriole,
Swaying, swinging, singing,
Breast as bright as burning coal,
'Mid the elm-boughs clinging,
Little Neighbor, bright and breezy,
Do you find your labors easy?

"I must truly answer, 'No,'
Friendly Human Neighbor;
Back and forth I swiftly go,
At my daily labors;
Back and forth, and to and fro,
Still from sun to sun I go.

"First, my little wife and I,
Flitting, flitting, flitting,
Weave a house 'twixt earth and sky,
For our babies fitting;
Such a lovely house, and lined
With softest treasures, intertwined!

"When the babies come at last,
How they keep us hopping!
Hither, thither, flying fast,
Hardly ever stopping;
All to fill each open bill,
Till the dears have had their fill.

"Yes, we work from morn to night,
But we're happy, ever,
And our hearts are always light,
Sad and gloomy never;
Love makes sunshine every day!
Love makes labor seem like play!

The Best Gift.

BY JANET FIELD HEATH.

MOTHER," said Peter Prickett, crossly, "I wish you'd make Baby Brother be good. How can I build this bridge, with him pulling away the blocks all the time?"

"I don't see how you can," said his mother sympathetically, as she carefully smoothed out the pair of stockings she had been mending.

"Well, then," said Peter, "please make him be good."

"I'll try to," said Mother, smiling down at him. "It just reminds me, though, of a story about a king. Perhaps you'd like to hear it."

"Oh, yes," answered Peter, who was always ready to hear a story. He came closer, and Mother began:

THE STORY OF THE BEST GIFT.

"Once upon a time there was a great king. He was a very good king, but the people over whom he ruled were not good. Although the king had wonderful schools and churches built for them, and beautiful parks made for their pleasure, they were often unruly and sometimes did very wicked things.

"At last the king called his three sons to him. 'My sons,' he said, 'I am getting old. I greatly wish before I die to see my subjects become gentle and kind and loving. I have therefore taken the wealth

of half my kingdom and put it into these three purses. Take you each one and go seek in far-away countries and the magic lands of the East for some gift that may help my poor people.'

"The young princes, who dearly loved their father, took the purses he held out to them, and, falling upon their knees, promised that they would do as he required.

"At the end of the year they returned, each bearing a wonder-working present for the old king. The eldest spoke first.

"'My father,' said he, 'I have brought you a magic stick. Bring to me our most wicked subject and I will show you—in a few strokes it can beat him to death. The king from whom I bought it was most reluctant to let it go, for, as he said, his subjects were so afraid of the magic stick that they were most obedient to his every law.'

"The old king shook his head. 'O my son, it is indeed a mighty weapon, but fear cannot change the hearts of men.'

"Then the second son stepped forward and from its wrappings of purple velvet he drew a book. 'I have brought, dear father, the most marvelous book ever given to mortals; for within its pages are written the secrets of untold wealth, of vigorous health and glowing fame.' He laid the beautiful volume in his father's hands, but the king only closed it sadly.

"'O my son,' he said, 'I am an old man and I have seen riches and youth and glory breed selfishness in the hearts of men.'

"He turned wistfully to his youngest son, who stood anxiously awaiting his turn.

"'O my father,' said the young prince, 'I bring my gift from the fairest land I found in all my travels. Its people were of rare kindness and virtue, which had been born, they told me, from the songs of an enchanted harp which they possessed. The harp belonged really to a young maiden, and she had received it from her godmother, who was of fairy lineage; and it had been for years that whenever the harp had played, the wicked feelings of the people had passed away and their hearts were filled only with the loveliness of God and the beauty of the world He had given them to live in. When they heard of your need, however, they gladly sent it to you, and with the gold I gave they will build gardens for their poor.'

"Then the face of the old king filled with joy. He stretched out his hands eagerly for the golden harp.

"'Now indeed, my sons,' he said, 'have I the gift I sought, for it is only when men are truly happy that they are truly good.'

Mother Prickett stopped speaking and smiled at Peter, and Peter smiled suddenly back.

"We had something like that at school," he said. "It's Robert Louis Stevenson: 'Make one person good—yourself. Make other people happy.'

A little noise in the corner of the room made the mother and Peter look around. Baby Brother had dragged four or five blocks over there and was trying to build a little bridge of his own.

Peter laughed. "Never mind, Baby Brother," he said cheerfully, "I guess if you're happy, it's all right."

Peter, the Hobo Hen.

BY P. W. LUCE.

EDNA BROWN'S parents had decided to move from their old farm in Ontario to one of the newer towns in Alberta, two thousand miles farther west. This meant the breaking up of many dear ties. To Edna, who had spent the twelve years

of her life in the same place, the excitement of the coming change was tempered by the thought that she was leaving so many old friends, probably not to see them again for years.

"They'll all be so glad to see you again when you return a grown-up young woman," consoled her mother.

"Yes, mother, I know that," answered Edna, "but all my pets will have forgotten me. The horses and the cows and the piggies, and most of all my dear Peter. I do so wish we could take Peter. I don't know how I'll ever get along without Peter."

Peter was a big, fat, good-natured Buff Orpington hen that for four years had followed Edna all over the place. She was Edna's baby, and Peter had never known any other "mother."

The romantic history of Peter really began twenty-one days before Peter pecked her way out of her egg-shell and tumbled out a fluffy, ridiculous, helpless little chick. It had been a toss-up whether the Peter egg would go into cold storage or into the incubator, but Edna had taken a fancy to the curious speckles on the shell, and it had gone into the incubator. Seven days before the chicks were due to hatch out, the lamp which supplied artificial warmth to the incubator had been turned too low, and gone out. Then the eggs got cold, and out of the fifty only seven retained life when the heat was restored. Five of the seven were weak little fellows that never had a chance, but the other two were downy beauties. One of these Edna christened (with milk) "Billie," the other was "Peter."

Billie was a daring young rascal, forever getting in the way. He would have made a champion rooster had he not got in the way once too often. When he was caught by a swinging door, Peter was the sole birdie to show for that setting of fifty eggs.

For a long time Peter lived in the kitchen, where Edna gave it all the attention it needed, and a great deal more for good measure. Peter's home was in a square wooden box under the kitchen table, and she became very jealous of her rights to that box. Peter would scold and protest if anything got put into that box, and would peck away at bits of wood or paper that Edna would throw in.

Later, when Peter had grown into a fine Buff Orpington hen, she insisted on laying her eggs in her own box, though this had now been removed to a corner of the back porch. Then she would go in search of Edna and peck at her shoes, clucking the while, until her "mother" went to gather the egg and make her usual speech:

"Thank you, Peter, you're a dear old hen."

And now Peter had to be left behind. Their new home would be in a town, and

they could not tell whether they would be able to keep poultry.

When one is moving, there is always a dearth of boxes; there are so many things to pack away. So it happened Peter's private box was taken and used, in spite of that noble hen's angry protests. She saw her nest tossed out, and later saw the box as part of the load of goods which would be taken to the railway station that evening and placed in a box car for the far West.

Peter clucked her troubles most volubly to Edna, and pecked and protested, but all to no purpose. Edna, who pretended to understand all that Peter said, told her mother that she had threatened never again to lay an egg unless her box was returned.

All the livestock had been sold when it was decided to go West, but Peter had been only loaned to Edna's aunt, who had promised to look after her until her "mother" should return.

When the hour arrived to say good-bye to Peter, Peter was missing.

The house, the barns, the outhouses, the garden, every place was searched without result. Edna ran everywhere, crying, "Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter," but no cluck of welcome answered her shouts. Peter had absolutely disappeared, and a tearful Edna left her old home without being able to bid her feathered chum farewell.

During the two days' journey to her new home, while travelling over the vast prairie, Edna wondered many times what could possibly have happened to Peter. The more she thought about it, the more puzzled she became, for never before had Peter failed to answer her call.

**Signs of Spring.**

BY BARBARA HOLLIS.

CAUSE it's really almost summer,
Fairy parasols are growing;
And the trees are getting greener,—
They all know it's all through snowing.

Soon the brook will be much warmer,
And the fairies will live near it.
Now it's singing, "Summer's coming—
Summer—summer"— Don't you hear
it?

On arriving at their destination, the mystery of Peter was forgotten for the time being in the excitement of finding a house, ordering supplies, and the hundred-and-one other things that must be done on reaching a strange place that is to be home. There was a little yard with the cottage Mr. Brown rented, "not big enough for poultry, but just the right size for Peter," as Edna said when she first saw it. She felt she was going to miss Peter dreadfully.

Three days after their arrival their car of furniture reached the railway yards. Edna went with her parents to assist in the removal, and she was standing close by when the doors of the car were rolled back.

"Well, for goodness' sake, look at that," said Mrs. Brown.

Edna said nothing. For a moment she was so surprised she couldn't move.

From the car came a familiar "Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck." There stood Peter, perched on her own box. It was a dirty, dishevelled, drowsy, hungry and thirsty Peter, with feathers all ruffled and a sleepy blink in each eye. But it was Peter!

Somehow Edna scrambled into the car and caught her dear old hen in her arms. "O Peter, Peter!" she cried, you must have stowed away in the wagon and hopped into the car just like a hobo. It was naughty of you, Peter, but oh, I'm glad you were so fond of that box."

Peter blinked both eyes and clucked happily.

Kerasown Pie.

BY GRACE MCKINSTRY.

"YOU'D better not eat that fourth biscuit, Jack," suggested mother;
"save a place for dessert. We are going to have kerasown pie."

Jack drew back his hand, which had started toward the large plate of biscuits. But he looked puzzled. Mother had been a schoolteacher before she was anybody's mother, and she had a way of giving information when you least expected it.

"What under the sun is that?" demanded father. "I've been looking ahead to—" But at mother's mischievous smile he stopped. "Oh, well, I'm willing to be surprised, with Jack and Ethel," he laughed.

The pie came on. Mother was provokingly slow in cutting it. When she did, however, Ethel and Jack exclaimed together, "Why, that's just cherry pie!"

"To be sure it is," said mother, "but I thought I'd call it by its very first name, for a change. Cherry-trees are very, very old, you see, and they come to us from a far-distant country. Who can guess what country?"

"China?" guessed Jack, while Ethel was making up her mind it must be Japan, the land of cherry-blossoms.

"No, Armenia," said mother. There is a town in Asia Minor called Kerasown, and the cherry-tree was named the kera-sown-tree from that."

"Who named it?" inquired father.

"The Roman general Lucullus," mother told him promptly. "After a victorious campaign in Asia Minor, he carried home from there the shoots of a new tree,—new to him, at least. Naturally, he named



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117 LINDEN AVENUE,
EDGEWOOD, PA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the First Unitarian Church School of Pittsburgh. Dr. Mason is our minister, and Mrs. Storer is my teacher. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and work out all puzzles.

I belong to our church Scout troop and am a patrol leader. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade at school. Our Scout troop adopted a French orphan and we sell candy to pay for it. We buy the candy for eight dollars and sell it for sixteen.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
CLARENCE RENSHAW, Jr.

PEPPERELL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am ten years old and I go to the Community Church. Mr. Drawbridge is our minister. Mrs. Walker is my teacher.

On our birthdays Mrs. Walker gives us a party. One of the girls' birthday comes next week. So it is going to be sort of a Valentine party.

I hope to wear one of the Beacon Club pins and become a member of the Beacon Club.

Your friend,
LORRAINE L. GEIGER.

the tree the kerasown, and the word was finally shortened to 'Kerass,' then to 'Cerise.'

"Oh, that's the French word now," interrupted Ethel, who is very proud that she is studying French. And 'Cerise' doesn't sound very different from our word 'cherries,' does it? It's funny how words change, little by little."

But father had thought of something else. "Isn't Kerasown one of the places where there have been dreadful Armenian massacres?" he asked mother. "I think the Near East Relief Societies have stations there now." And he went for the last copy of the church paper, which had a great deal about Armenian relief in it.

Jack didn't understand all this very well. Then mother explained to him that the Armenians are Christians who have been tortured and killed, many of them, by cruel people who are not Christians, and that now ever so many of these poor Armenians are starving. Mother found Jack's geography, and showed him where Kerasown is, on the map.

"If everybody that is especially fond of cherries like father and me," said Jack, thoughtfully, "would give a little money for those poor people every time there was a cherry pie, or cherry pudding, or candied cherries, or anything like that on the table, or fresh cherries from grandmother's tree, it might help quite a lot. Everybody I know likes cherries."

"A fine idea, Jack," said father. "I'll pass the hat right now, and see that the money goes to Kerasown, or at least near there, to help the suffering Armenians."

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little North Carolina girl and have just recovered from a severe attack of measles. I have been kept indoors for more than a month and find it tiresome. I like to read. Miss Gould sends me *The Beacon* occasionally. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. My work has been much hindered by my illness, and I fear I will not make a grade this year. My aunt says reading will help me, though.

Your little North Carolina friend,
BETTY GUTHRIE MOORE.

Who will write to Betty and send her a copy of *The Beacon*, now and then?

Our Young Contributors.

A STRANGE PET.

BY MARGARET LA RUE.

(Twelve years old.)

I AM a little chameleon. I would like to tell you the story of my life.

I don't know where I was born, but I think it must have been in the South, for that is where most chameleons come from. One day some one caught me and fastened a collar around my neck and I was brought, with many other chameleons, to be sold at Barnum and Bailey's circus. A Boy Scout came along and bought me for thirty-five cents. He pinned me on his coat and wore me to his home in Dorchester. He named me "Lizzie." But he soon tired of me and gave me to another boy named Elwyn. Elwyn took me home and I lived on a plant-stand on a pleasant, sunny piazza.

Soon, however, school closed and Elwyn was going to the beach for the summer. He could not take me, he had such a large family of bunnies. Elwyn named me "Peter." He packed me in a box covered with mosquito-netting. I wondered where I was going. He took me across the street to a little girl named Margaret. I have been with her ever since and it has been just one year. The first time she saw me I think she was rather afraid of me. But after her father took me out of the box, she took me in her hand. Margaret named me "Lizzie Lizard" and I have been called "Lizzie" ever since. She used to catch nice juicy flies and feed them to me every day. I didn't like the box and I used to squeeze through the netting and run away three and four times a day. After a while they didn't bother to keep me shut up in my box, but let me live on the plants in the bay-window. Every night they would wrap me in a little blanket and put me in my basket in a nice warm place near the register.

Two or three times I have run away and hidden on the rattan sofa. How that family did hunt for me! Margaret's father was always very patient and would hunt for me until he found me and put me in my basket. I think Margaret's mother is afraid of me, for she has never touched me since I lived with them. When she puts me in my basket she picks me up with a spoon. One day I crawled up the handle of the spoon and she screamed right out. But I think she likes me, because she is very kind to me. She feeds me every day, and I eat from a silver spoon. Of course there were no flies for me all winter, so I ate cake crumbs soaked in milk, sugar, and water, and whipped cream.

People should not be afraid of chameleons: they are very harmless. They have no teeth and no claws. They cannot scratch or bite. The only way we have to protect ourselves is camouflage,—that means that when we are on anything brown we turn brown, and when we are on plants we turn green.

I had a pleasant surprise this spring. I don't have to sleep in my basket any more. I sleep in the cutest little brass bed, about five inches long. It used to belong to Margaret's doll. When they see my little head poking out of the blanket on that bed, they all laugh and say it is the cutest sight they have ever seen.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LIX.

I am composed of 58 letters.

My 15, 6, 20, 21, 14, 10, 30, 12, is an Australian animal.

My 4, 8, 57, 18, 2, is one of the senses.

My 31, 19, 36, 20, 5, 7, 38, 11, 23, is one of the United States.

My 34, 28, 50, 36, is something we sing in church.

My 39, 35, 20, 13, 46, 49, 41, is a wild animal.

My 29, 51, 31, 9, 41, 23, is for taking photographs.

My 53, 3, 16, is something we do with string.

My 1, 17, is a pronoun.

My 27, 24, 25, 26, 32, 10, is a woman's name.

My 45, 58, is a preposition.

My 55, 6, 29, 54, 16, 10, is one who teaches.

My 42, 30, 56, is a plaything.

My 43, 32, 44, 57, 46, 47, is what a thing weighs.

My whole is a saying.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

HIDDEN FISH.

1. John feels the cold this winter.

2. B. Co. drilled on Friday.

3. Litmus paper changes color.

4. I drew a red ace.

5. The explosion blew the ship out of the water.

6. Albert routed his brother in the morning from his bed.

7. Charles had three bright bolts.

8. The vessel had docked at one o'clock.

9. Spin the top, Ike!

10. The icicles melt quickly in the sun.

M. G.

BEHEADED WORDS.

Behead water in fine drops and get to adore.

Behead again and get a shaft of light.

Behead again and get a word used by sailors.

Behead again and get one of the last letters of the alphabet.

E. A. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 26.

ENIGMA LIIL.—A soft answer turneth away wrath.

ENIGMA LIV.—Waltham.

ENIGMA LV.—April Fool.

WORD SQUARE.—D I M E

I D E A

M E S S

E A S T

CROSS PUZZLE.—C R U M B

S C O R E

A B A T E

S L A S H

S K E I N

B U Y E R

A R E A N A

P O P P Y

S N U F F

S N A R L

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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